



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

ANDOVER-HARVARD LIBRARY



AH 47DB G

Jesus
Only.

623.2
J13je
1860

~~atrum~~
ri

Montandon S B

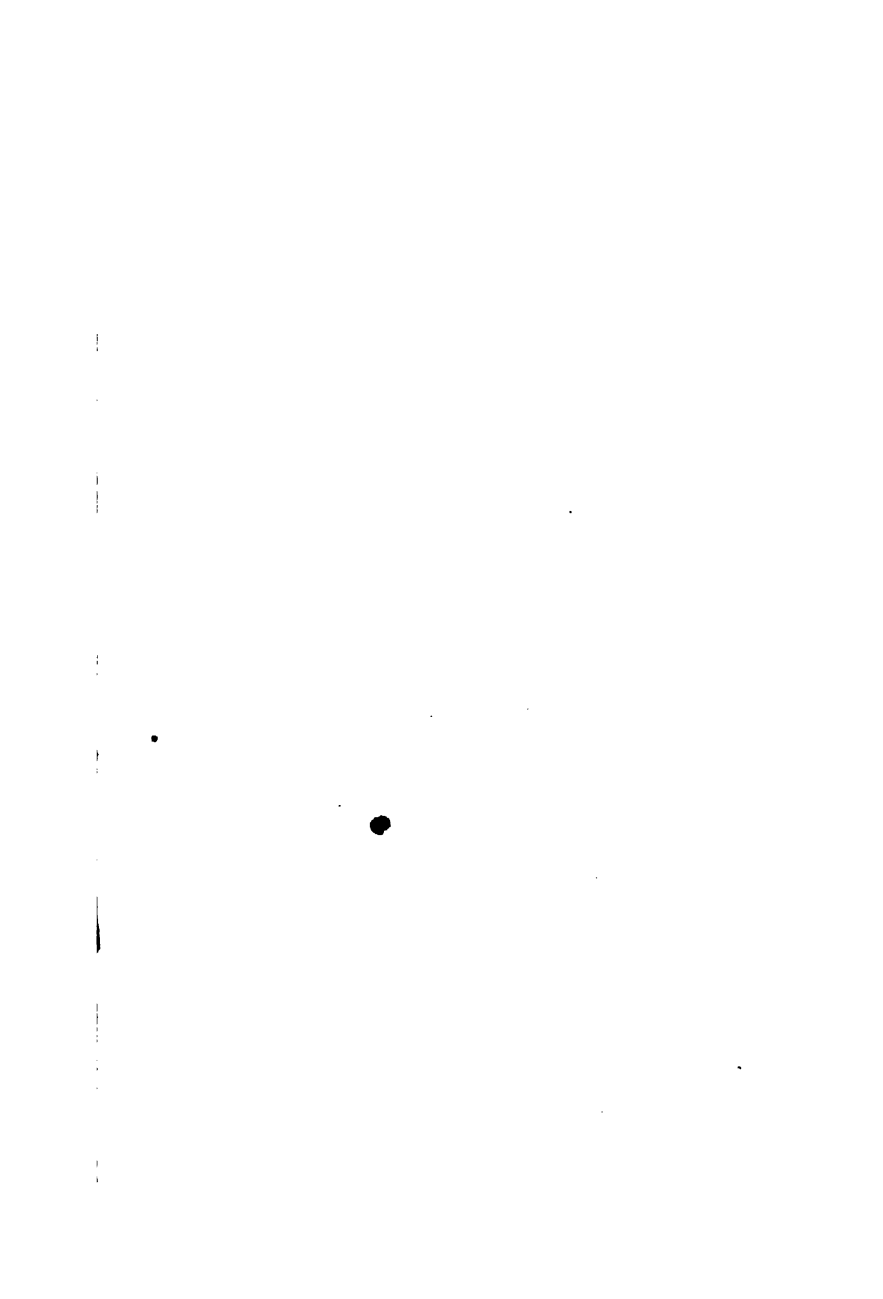
~~in 2 t 1~~



150

148

10



L. H. Hingert

(107)

JESUS ONLY!

BY

J. OSWALD JACKSON.

From the London Edition.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY REV. CHARLES D. COOPER,

RECTOR OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, PHILA.

FOURTH THOUSAND.

"And when they lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATTHEW.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—THE APOSTLE PAUL.

"None but Christ! None but Christ!"—WORDS OF A DYING MARTYR.

PHILADELPHIA.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY.

1224 CHESTNUT STREET.

1860.

THE PROMISED SPIRIT.

“He (the SPIRIT OF TRUTH) shall glorify me ; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.”—John xvi. 14.

A PRAYER.

O, Almighty God, whom truly to know is everlasting life ; grant us perfectly to know thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life : for He is the very Paschal Lamb which was offered for us, and hath taken away the sin of the world ; who, by his death, hath destroyed death, and by his rising to life again, hath restored us to everlasting life.

Amen.

623.2
J13H
1860

Preface by the Editor.

THE following pages are designed by the Reverend author to lead awakened and enquiring souls to "Jesus only." To show those who are anxious about their salvation, how perfectly simple is the Gospel, and how admirably it is adapted to the situation and wants of those who, in the character of penitents, approach God to obtain pardon, and forgiveness of their sins.

In the beginning of the religious interest, when the sinner is first awakened from the sleep of sin and made to realize his need of a Saviour, there is always a disposition to lay hold of something tangible. Ordinances on the one hand, and experiences on the other, are equally looked to in order to afford evidence of having gone to the Saviour, and being accepted of Him. But both are equally fallacious, for neither the ordinances of the Church, nor any amount of feeling, are, in themselves, the means of reconciling the soul to God, or of affording a soul

when reconciled, the sure evidence of acceptance.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin."¹ Faith in His atoning sacrifice is the principle which God has ordained shall unite the soul to Christ, and secure the application of his blood as a cleansing fountain. Faith in Jesus brings to the soul all that it needs for present and future peace and happiness.

The believer is justified by this instrument of faith²—accounted righteous thereby in the sight of God³—made thereby an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ,⁴ who becomes to him, "wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."⁵

He is thus, as St. Paul says, "complete in Christ."⁶ He is "under no condemnation,"⁷ "born again,"⁸ has "a good hope through grace,"⁹ and "being justified by faith has peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."¹⁰

¹ 1 John, i. 7.

² Romans iii. 28.

³ Romans iv. 3.

⁴ Romans viii. 17.

⁵ 1 Corinthians i. 30.

⁶ Colossians ii. 10.

⁷ Romans viii. 1.

⁸ 1 Peter i. 23.

⁹ 2 Thessalonians ii. 16.

¹⁰ Romans v. 1.

As it is declared in the Article on Justification, "We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, BY FAITH, and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore that we are justified *by faith only*, is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort."

This is the great doctrine which Christ established for man's justification before God, and which his Apostles everywhere proclaimed and insisted upon as the basis of Gospel truth.

The reception of ordinances is obligatory, and experiences are desirable as they are the result of this faith, but in obtaining pardon and remission of sin—in securing the favour of God, and a title to the heavenly inheritance, they are altogether inadequate, and if depended upon must prove a broken reed which shall pierce the hand in the time of trial.

Faith in the all-sufficiency of Christ's cleansing blood and justifying righteousness is the great principle which brings the Saviour and the sinner together. When one exercises this faith, he is forgiven, his sins

are no longer imputed to him ; he has become a Christian, and his hope of forgiveness, his assurance of acceptance, must be based not upon rites and ordinances, nor upon a peculiar frame of mind, but upon "*Jesus only*," who has said "Him that cometh unto me, *I will in no wise cast out.*"

May God by his Holy Spirit make this little book instrumental in guiding many an enquiring soul to the Saviour, and may all who read it fully understand, that perfect remission and forgiveness of all sin is obtained solely and only by a living faith in the precious blood-shedding of

"JESUS ONLY."

C. D. C.

Philadelphia, July 2, 1859.

Address to the Reader.

DEAR READER,—Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy soul? Is all right between thee and thy God? Is the great question of thy soul's salvation settled? I do not ask, Art thou rich or poor? Art thou learned or unlearned? Art thou of this party or the other?—but, *Is it well with thy soul in prospect of the long eternity that is before thee?*

Dost thou say, "I fear all is not right; I fear my sins are not forgiven; I am afraid to die. But I long to have peace; my earnest desire is to find salvation?"

Then, this little book comes to you in all affection, and is written to lead you by the Divine blessing, step by step, until your feet are firmly planted on "the only foundation,"—the ROCK OF AGES.

• 8. ADDRESS TO THE READER.

Read it *thoughtfully* ; read it with *prayer* ; and read it, especially the first half of it, *regularly through*, as it is intended to lead the mind progressively into the knowledge of the great salvation. Its subjects are various, but all are written with this purpose, to show you your need of Christ, and the riches of his grace and mercy to you.

May the Holy Spirit bless these pages to your soul's salvation !

“One thing is needful.”

THIS is the language of the True and Faithful Witness, who cannot lie, cannot exaggerate, but who was the Truth itself. Jesus, who died to redeem man's soul, thus assures us that the salvation of the soul is the “one thing needful.” We must confess it is strong language. The Saviour throws into comparative insignificance all other claims or pursuits; He seems to say that whatever else man is, whatever else he does, is of little consequence; but to secure his salvation is absolutely essential—the *one thing* needful. A man may be rich, or poor; he may become learned, or remain uncultivated and ignorant; he may succeed in life, or meet with reverses; he may have health, or be afflicted with perpetual pain; he may be surrounded by friends, or stand in the world friendless and alone:—and it is of little consequence, for life is short, and will soon be over; but not so with the salvation of the soul. If a man secure not that, all his other circumstances are as nothing;

that is the one thing needful. The general of an army may be a clever draughtsman, or not; a politician, or not; he may write poetry, or not have the "gift divine;" he may shine in literature, or be in books a name unknown; but to fulfil his mission, to carry out his destiny, he must understand military tactics. So a lawyer may be a man of science, or not; he may be a good linguist, or not; he may have a turn for mechanical invention, or not; but as far as success in his profession is concerned, he must understand *law*. So the pilot of a vessel: he may be acquainted with all countries, and have sailed in all seas; but unless he know how to steer his barque safely amid the rocks and shoals of the particular waters he has undertaken to navigate, his knowledge of other subjects and other seas will be in vain. So with the salvation of the soul. (*God has sent us each one into the world to secure our salvation, and to obey his will in first securing our salvation.*) This is our mission. This is the first great claim. Other things are to be made subordinate. This is the great end of being. "Life is before us as a trial-time of uncertain length, but short at

the longest, in which we may fit ourselves, if we will, for an eternal life beyond it. This is life to each of us, and this is our proper business; all the rest that we do, or can do, however splendid, however useful, is or should be done only subordinately." The design of the Bible is to teach us how best to effect this important object. The design of Jesus Christ's coming into the world was the same. He came to be our "way to the Father." He came to teach us how to secure that better life beyond the present. He came to arouse our careless minds to see the importance of the one thing needful, and to show us how we may make it ours. And, dear reader, he is now sounding in the inner chambers of your being the injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you."

“That good part!”

So Jesus calls the salvation of the soul—that enduring and perfect bliss which is to be found in Him only, and which shall “never be taken away,” So precious does this appear in the view of Jesus, that he calls it elsewhere the “pearl of great price,” and entreats men to “seek it *first*.”

But how different are the maxims of the world, and the common practices of men! The first question is, How may we get wealth; how may we make business flourishing? How may we rise in the world? How may we lay by for old age? “What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?” But the question, What must I do to be saved? or, Where shall I spend my long eternity? or, How can I escape eternal death? is treated as secondary, or of no moment whatever. Now I do not, dear reader, condemn diligence in worldly business; it .

is a duty in its time and place. But a greater than man has said, on purpose to check our too eager pursuit of worldly things, and to impress the higher importance of the soul's salvation, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "One thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away."

And there is a spirit in a man which says "Amen!" to all this. (Does not the thought come over you as you go about your daily business, that while it is your duty to discharge diligently the duties of your worldly calling, and to be faithful in all things, yet that you were created for a higher end than mere worldly employment? I am sure the thought must sometimes rush into your mind, as you are at your duties, working in the fields, or shop, or office, or household, "I was made for a higher end than this. I was not created merely to do this work. God brought me into this world for something nobler than to drive this plough, or wield this hammer, or cast up these accounts, or sew this garment, or enjoy these pleasures, or

decorate this perishable frame of mine. Surely he formed me for a higher destiny than toiling at my bench, or standing behind my counter, or sitting at my desk, or tending these household duties from morning to night. The great end of life cannot be answered by this perpetual round of exertions with head and hand, this ceaseless activity about things that perish in the using." And what is that end? What is that destiny? It is to know God, and enjoy him for ever. It is to fit the soul, by receiving the Gospel and all its influences, for "glory, honour, and immortality." "This is eternal life, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Search all creation round, dear reader, and you will find no other Saviour, no other method of mercy than that presented in

JESUS ONLY.

The Great Question.

THE man was in deep earnest who first asked the question, "What must I do to be saved?" No ordinary thoughts and feelings were stirring the depths of his being. His very soul was shaken to its centre, and with an emphasis of meaning, and an intensity of desire indescribable and unintelligible, except to those who have passed through the same awful crisis, he proposed the momentous inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?"

It was not the mere question of a benighted traveller who has lost his way; nor of the dissatisfied man of the world who asks in very weariness, "Who will show me any good?" It was not the inquiry of the philosopher, who, from mere curiosity, proposes difficult problems for solution. It was, rather, the half-despairing entreaty of the condemned criminal on his way to execution; or the piteous cry of the starving man in the agonies of dissolution; or the terrible plaint of the shipwrecked

mariner who has long buffeted the billows, until his strength is gone, and with a last look round sees no friendly hand near to pluck him from the jaws of destruction.

It is no imaginary case brought before us in the jailor of Philippi. Aroused from his midnight slumbers by an earthquake, and with his conscience, too, awakened from its long slumbers by the anticipated terrors of the Last Day, all the guilty past of his wasted, hardened life rushed upon his memory; and realizing his nearness to that eternity on which he seemed about to enter, and knowing what an awful thing it must be to fall into the hands of the living God, and to receive final and irrevocable sentence upon his evil works, he cried from the very depths of his mental agony, "What must I do to be saved?"

Nor is his case a solitary one. I believe he is but one of a large class. I believe many such are to be found among the thousands who are never seen in a place of worship. I believe many such exist in our congregations, unknown by ministers and by fellow-worshippers. Perhaps my reader is one such. You are in deep mental dis-

treß. Like a stricken deer that has left the herd, you are moaning in solitary distress over your deep spiritual misery. If so, this little book is for you. It is for such I have written these pages. It is to bring you to the knowledge of that truth, which by God's grace, will banish your anxiety and distress, and plant your feet upon a rock from which you can look up in calm joy to your Father in Heaven, and can look forward without dismay to the awful future that awaits you.

Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

" Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light. See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."

Eph. v. 14-17.

Anxiety about the Soul reasonable.

ANXIOUS READER!—I wish to point out to you your real position, to show you where you stand. Your present state is peculiar and critical. For you are not among the careless who have no thought about their eternal well-being. You are not one of the trifling who are wasting precious hours, and days, and years upon vanities that can never profit. You are not one of the hardened whose conscience has been seared as with a hot iron, and who have lost all thought and feeling about the momentous realities of their everlasting future. Nor are you of the sceptical and indifferent who have gone on from wishing there was no eternity and no God, to declare their unbelief in these things.

Again, you are not, on the other hand, a peaceful believer in the verities of the gospel. You are not an established Christian who has passed from death unto life, and is

enjoying peace with God, and rejoicing in the hope of immortal glory.

But yours is, in one respect, a middle state. You have felt somewhat of the "powers of the world to come." Your conscience is yet susceptible, your mind is thoroughly aroused to a sense of your guilt and insecurity; you see your danger, but have not yet found refuge. You feel the disease, but have not yet applied the remedy. You know that you are still in the "broad way," but would fain discover and enter upon "the narrow way that leadeth to life."

And now, in addressing myself to your case, let me say that yours is a *reasonable* anxiety. You do well to be anxious. Your concern is the highest wisdom. Is the merchant anxious when his richly-freighted vessel is on the stormy sea? Is the mother anxious when her child is at the crisis of some fearful disease, and life is in the balance? Is the criminal at the bar anxious when his case is being tried, and all the evidence is going against him? But the anxiety of the merchant, the mother, and the criminal are not a thousandth part so reasonable as yours, when you consider what mo-

20 ANXIETY OF MIND REASONABLE.

mentous interests you have at stake. For look around you and consider what is your present state—look behind you and consider what has been your past—look before you and ponder upon what may be your future, and there is reason enough for your most earnest thought and anxiety. Let me point out to you in the next few pages some considerations adapted to your present state of mind, and fitted by God's blessing, to deepen and direct your anxiety. And may God bless these pages to your soul, leading you to seek peace and safety where they are to be found, in

JESUS ONLY.

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

A Time to Die!

DEAR READER,—There are many reasons to justify your anxious inquiry about your future well-being. The wonder is, not that you are now so anxious, but that you have lived so long without being so; yea, the wonder is that all men do not feel the same intense concern about their everlasting future that you now feel. You do well to be anxious, for remember

! YOU ARE MORTAL !

You are destined to decay. It is the original curse upon man's sin. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Your bodies are of dust. Thy have in them the very elements of dissolution. "Dust to dust" is inscribed on the fairest forehead. No fact is so certain, and none so solemn as this.

Again, you belong to a dying race. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Neither affection nor piety can retain those who, being of mortal mould, are destined to pass away from the stage of

life into the world unseen. "Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?" You are the marked victims of the King of Terrors. You are appointed to die. The fact of your death, the time of your death, the manner of your death, the place of your death, are all as much appointed as the fact, the time, the place of your birth, and the bounds of your present habitation. The place that now knows you will know you no more forever. Your name will but live in memory; you yourself will have passed away. Then your anxiety about the world beyond death is reasonable. It is the highest wisdom. And the more so when you remember that death which is certain as to the fact of it, is to you uncertain as to the time of it. You *must* die *some* time. You *may* die at *any* time. You may die soon; you may die suddenly. This year thou mayest die; yea, this night thy soul may be required of thee. And with these solemn facts before you, do you not well to be anxious? Do you not well to inquire how you may die safely, how you may be saved? Were you expecting to be summoned away suddenly and soon

to spend the rest of your days in some foreign land, would you not often think about it; and would not the thought that soon you would quit your country excite peculiar reflections, and beget a different estimate of things around you here? How much more should you be excited to serious reflection when you remember that soon you will be called to quit earth for ever!

Day of Judgment, day of wonders,
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

"For Ever and Ever!"

DEAR READER,—There is yet a more solemn thought, fitted to show the reasonableness of your present anxiety of mind, for consider

YOU ARE IMMORTAL!

Were death to be to ^{us}you what it appears to be to the lower order of creatures—a cessation of being, with all its darkness and terrors, it would involve no after issues, and ^{we}you might do well to forget all about it. Were death to be what sceptics have argued, and thousands wish it to be—perfect annihilation, then ~~y~~our unconcern about it would be comparatively justifiable, and a stoical indifference would be, perhaps, the best state of mind in which to meet it. Or, again, if death were to be the commencement of an eternal sleep, in which the soul would never again wake up to consciousness, nor, for one moment, be susceptible of pleasure or pain, there might be reason in the decision of those who say,

"Let us eat, and drink, for to-morrow we die."

But, no; man dieth not as the beast that perisheth. "The spirit of a beast goeth downward; but the spirit of a man goeth upward." Death is not annihilation. Reason revolts at the thought. Conscience denies it. Scripture "has brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." Death is not an eternal sleep. It is the starting point in an endless career of intense joy or sorrow. When ~~you~~^{we} die, ~~you~~^{we} begin to live eternally. This life is but the infancy of ~~your~~ immortal being; it is closely linked with, and is a solemn preparation for that immortality. Now is the seed time, eternity is the harvest. ~~You~~^{we} reap then what ~~you~~^{we} sow now. As the first link in a chain of immeasurable length; as the first step in a journey that is never to end; as the first outline of a picture that eternity will be ever filling up, but will never finish, the present life is of momentous value, and your concern about it is indeed rational and right. Were eternity but a few thousands of years that ~~you~~ could calculate upon coming to a close, ~~you~~ might be pardoned in thinking less

about it, although then, neglect of the subject would seem madness indeed. But when you remember that it is not a few thousands of years, but an endless succession that will continue to roll on as long as God himself shall last; that it is "for ever and ever;" that it will know no change but that of an increase of joy or sorrow; that it will admit of no transition from the one to the other; that its issues can never be reversed; that if you die unprepared and perish, you perish for ever, and that without remedy: I say, when you consider all this, you must see that anxiety about your well-being in that eternal state is the most reasonable and wise. "FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL; OR WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?" Mark viii. 36, 37.

The Solemn Fact.

THINK not, dear reader, that I am needlessly seeking to probe the wound under which your anxious spirit is smarting, when I proceed to tell you another saddening reason why you should cherish your present deep concern. It is better you should know the whole truth about your case; it is better you should see your real disease and danger, for then will you the more gladly embrace the precious remedy, and the more cordially listen to the Great Physician. There is yet a further, and a stronger reason still, to justify your anxiety about your future well-being—

YOU HAVE SINNED?

Had you been perfectly holy; had you kept all the commandments of God; had you done nothing to endanger your eternal well-being, and were there the mere possibility of a dark cloud gathering over that awful future, your concern about it would be

natural indeed. But how altered the case now stands! How changed your position! Death assumes new terrors; he displays that which can alone excite real terror. It is not that mortality itself would be so dreaded; it is not the mere fact that it ushers in immortality, that renders it so terrible. No; these are not the *sting* of death. "The sting of death is sin." Had you no guilt-stains on your soul, death could not have such terrors. But you "have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "If we say we have not sinned, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." You feel that your guilt is too well established. Your sins have been too many, too aggravated, too evident to escape detection. They have been committed through so long a period—in childhood, in youth, in riper years. Their catalogue has gone on increasing from year to year. The witnesses against you are too numerous to admit of your escape. A neglected Bible is a witness against you. A deserted closet is a witness against you. Broken Sabbaths witness against you. An unfrequented sanctuary is a witness against you. Friends and acquaintances, who have

seen your indifference, or been injured by your example bear witness against you. Times and places bear witness against you. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." Conscience is a swift witness against you. Your own heart condemns you, and God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things, and how will you escape?

Do you not well to be anxious? And where can you turn, but to

JESUS ONLY?

Seek, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.



The Sentence Passed.

BUT the worst is not yet told you, dear anxious reader. Your case deepens in awful interest. Not only have you sinned, and invested the future day of account with terrors, but the danger comes far nearer to you. You are not like the criminal awaiting trial, and with the hope, by some favourable turn of evidence, of pardon and life: but your trial has, by anticipation, already passed, though its decision is not to be ratified before the Universe until the Last Day. Sentence against you has been passed, though not yet executed. You are only under a reprieve,

YOU ARE "CONDEMNED ALREADY."

Such are the words of the True and Faithful Witness, John iii. 18, "He that believeth not is condemned already." Again, verse 36, "He that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." How altered now does

your position appear. There is no longer uncertainty. You have not to wait till a future day of doom to decide your destiny. You cannot look forward in hope that by some favourable turn of evidence, sentence may be averted. That sentence is already passed. You are "condemned already;" and only a breath of air, or a moment's space, may lie between you and the execution of that sentence. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "The wages of sin is death." The wrath of God abideth on you. Realize that solemn fact. Of all truths this is the most fearfully true. Oh! sinner, you are a condemned person. You may be young and attractive; but you are "condemned already." You may be gay and thoughtless; but you are "condemned already." You may be full of mirth and merriment, but you are "condemned already." Life may seem to you promising and bright, but you are "condemned already." Think not that because your sky seems sunny, you are secure. A calm generally precedes a storm. Before an earthquake the sky is oft brilliant in lurid beauty. "And as

it was in the days of Noe, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot: they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all." "Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed," Luke xvii. 26—30.

Ere the last storm of vengeance shall gather, haste, haste to the Refuge set before you—which refuge is JESUS ONLY.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run,

Cut it Down; Why Cumbereth it the Ground?

SUCH was the language to the vinedresser in the parable, and such is the language of God in regard to men's souls. It is wonderful forbearance in God to have waited for fruit in you, my reader, so long. As week after week has passed, as Sabbath after Sabbath has gone by, as sermon after sermon has been heard, God has been looking for a change in you, but has not found it. And not one year only, nor three years only, but many years has God come seeking fruit. He came when you were young. He planted you in his vineyard, gave you religious privileges, and came seeking fruit, but found none. He found no penitence, no faith, no turning of heart and life to Him. But he found a trifling spirit, he found frivolity, he found carelessness, he found impressions like the morning cloud and early dew which soon pass away. He came again in riper years, seeking fruit; but he

found you engrossed with cares, absorbed in business, or pleasure, or sin, and neglecting the great salvation. And lo! he has waited long; he has pruned and afflicted, and borne with all your provocations, waiting to see if you would seek him; but though he has come these many years seeking fruit, he has found none.

And now the sentence has gone forth, "*Cut it down!*" And, my dear reader, this sentence may have gone forth respecting you. You may be going about your business as usual; you may take your seat at the family board as usual; you may mingle with your companions as usual. No one can see your danger, or know how near you are to your doom, but this is known to your God and Judge: for he may have given the sentence forth, "*Cut it down, and cast it into the fire.*" Cut it down, and let others have privileges so abused. Cut it down, and let not mercies be any longer wasted. Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground? Why? the sinner is only filling up the measure of his iniquities. Why? he is only adding sin to sin. Why? he is only leading others

astray. Why ? he is but adding fuel to the everlasting burnings.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Black clouds are gathering fast :
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are passed.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Red flames are bursting round :
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
How shakes the trembling ground !

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Behold the Judge appears !
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

Dark brood the heavens o'er thee !
Soon wilt thou hear thy doom :
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.

Yet stay—the vision lingers ;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die ?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits,
This hour to Jesus fly.

Ah ! sinner, there is no hope for you but
in JESUS ONLY.

Hope for the Guilty!

Is it true, anxious reader, that your once careless and trifling mind is thoroughly aroused to a sense of your danger, and that the great desire of your heart is to discover, with the jailor of Philippi, and answer to the earnest question, "What must I do to be saved?" Is it true that you who have so long been trifling upon the most momentous of all subjects, trifling with your own everlasting interests, are now in deep concern, and like the fluttering dove are seeking an entrance into the only ark of safety. Be assured such a refuge does exist, and there is room in it for you. Be assured there is a covert from the angry elements of destruction, and you may yet find security there.

There's a refuge of peace from the tempests that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, the storm-wind
that blows,
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.

Let me endeavour to guide your anxious steps to that only safe resting-place.

And remember, first of all, that "sentence" of condemnation, spoken of in a former page, is the great obstacle to your safety. Be assured the very first step you take must be up to a position where that sentence no longer hangs over you. Until that sentence, the just condemnation of a Holy God, be removed, salvation, safety, peace, are impossible. "How can man be just with God?" is the all-important question. How may you be accepted, justified, before the bar of a Righteous God? How may your sins be blotted out? How may you be furnished with a plea, that the Righteous Judge of all will not reject? How may you find a plea that will prevail before the High Court of the Universe, and that will satisfy the demands of stern Justice requiring a penalty for sin?

This is the great question. Not only are you to discover *if* God will pardon, but you must know *how* he will pardon, and must come to him only in that way. Remember God is holy. "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." He cannot "away with"

sin. He will by no means clear the guilty but by a way of which holiness itself must approve. Remember God is just. He must punish sin. His law demands it. His own veracity demands it. His own consistency demands it. Angels in heaven demand it. Angels in hell, who fell by sin, and are now enduring its fearful consequences, demand that the Judge of all should do right, and punish sin wherever in the Universe it is found. Where then can you flee with your sins? How can that sentence of condemnation be lifted off your doomed head? Where can you look? Whither can you turn to have that sentence removed? The hope of the guilty is in JESUS ONLY.

O that my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus's feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

I would, but thou must give the power
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

The Drawn Sword.

ANXIOUS READER! your case may be illustrated by an incident recorded of one in ancient times. He was accustomed to flatter his king and to extol the happiness enjoyed by monarchs. To convince the flatterer of his mistaken notions, Dionysius, his sovereign, had him robed in royal garments, and caused him to be seated beneath the royal canopy that encircled the throne in the banqueting chamber. There were servants waiting on him in great array, and with the most delicate viands the tables were spread. All was there that even an epicure could desire. But Damocles could not eat. He could not enjoy all that state. He could not partake of the pleasures of that sumptuous feast. And why? He was filled with alarm. For above his head hung a naked sword, tied by a single horsehair. And the thought that in a moment that hair might break, and his life be the sacrifice, marred the enjoyments of that feast,

and made him forget the splendors of that throne. And was it any wonder? That naked sword, suspended by a single hair, was reason sufficient for alarm.

And is not his case an illustration of that of a sinner condemned? Over the head of every unpardoned sinner is suspended the drawn sword of Divine Justice, that may in a moment fall. "The wrath of God abideth upon him." The reason why the jailor of Philippi became alarmed at that midnight hour was because he became conscious of his danger; he awoke, as it were, to the consciousness that the sword of Justice was suspended above his head.

What to you, my anxious reader, are the pleasures of the world, while above you is that drawn sword? What to you are the charms of society, while that sword is still there? What to you is prosperity in business, or the applause of the whole world? What is it to you that all things are going well with you in this world, if in a moment your cup of bliss may be dashed from your lips and your everlasting future be shrouded in gloom? The sword of justice is still above you. That sentence of condemnation

is still standing out against you. In a moment that sentence may be executed. In a moment that sword may fall, and then where are all your bright hopes and present joys? For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

Again I ask you, in deep earnestness and affectionate interest, Where can you look? Whither can you flee?

You can find no place for the sole of your foot but where your God has appointed. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help found." "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." There is for you no refuge, no hope but in

JESUS ONLY.

Thou art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—St. John xiv. 6.

Behold the Lamb of God.

AND now, inquiring reader, if indeed you are alive to your true position before God, and feel that to be one of danger, your first duty is to turn your mind to the Lord Jesus Christ—the Lamb of God. He alone can be of use to you in your present extremity. “Neither is there salvation in any other.” So was it when the jailor, in deep anxiety, asked the way of salvation. The apostles replied, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” How wise was this advice! Had the apostles told the man to do anything else, or look anywhere else, his attention would have been drawn aside from the only object that could benefit his soul.

Oh! there are times when the inquiring mind must be directed at once to the Saviour; when it must not be allowed to rest on itself, or on any other object short of Christ himself. Religious duties are well in their place; prayers are well; Bible

readings are well; sacraments are well; ministers are well; duties are good in their place; but not one, not any, not all of these can save the sinner; and, if under the pressing necessity of spiritual distress, the mind is turned to these instead of to Christ, it is misled and its safety endangered. How many, when anxious, flee to prayers as their Saviour, or to sacraments as their Saviour, or to human teachers, to ministers, or priests as their Saviour. How many begin to work with their feelings, and try to make their hearts or lives better, and think that is the way to be saved, that this is the way to the Father. But no; there is a more excellent way; there is a shorter road; it is the "new and living way." "I am the way," said Jesus, "no man cometh unto the Father but by me. Be assured Christ is the only being in the Universe who can be of use to the condemned sinner. He is the only source of safety and peace. Just as the Israelites, when bitten by the fiery serpents, were directed to look to the serpent of brass, erected by Moses on the pole, and by looking upon that, and upon no other object, were healed; so it is by look-

ing to Jesus Christ, and to no other, the condemned sinner finds pardon and life, John iii. 13, 14. Be assured, O anxious one, that if ever you are to have your sentence of condemnation removed, if ever you are to know the forgiveness of sins, you will find it nowhere but in Christ. It is something in Christ, something about Christ, something he has done that is to impart to you pardon and peace. Go where you will, search all creation, try every conceivable method, if ever you are to be saved, you must at length come to Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

“Jesus saith unto him, I am the way,
and the truth, and the life: no man cometh
unto the Father, but by me. *John xiv. 6.*

The Two Errors.

BUT what is it in Christ to which the anxious sinner is to turn his mind? This is a very important question. Most professing Christians acknowledge that it is Christ who is the Saviour of the world; but how different their estimate of the means by which Christ saves? To what in Jesus does God direct the mind of the man who is seeking salvation? It is not merely "Look to Christ," "Behold Christ," but "Behold the *Lamb* of God." It is to Christ as the "Lamb of God" you are to look. And observe, that by the Jews, who first heard these words, they would be well understood. They were familiar with sacrifices. Myriads of victims were on the Jewish altars slain. And by the term, Lamb of God, they would understand the sacrifice appointed and provided by God. "Behold God's victim bearing away the sins of the world!"

And this teaches, first, that it is *not by his example Jesus saves, but by his sufferings and death*. 'Tis true he hath left us an example that we should follow in his steps.

But however closely and perfectly you follow that example, your imitation of Christ will not atone for your sins, past or future. Your obedience would never remove the sentence of condemnation that hangs over you, nor erase the handwriting of ordinances that is against you. Christ's example may benefit you after you are pardoned, but you need something else to give you forgiveness, and to acquit your soul. "Behold the Lamb of God." Behold not the example merely, but the sufferings, and the atonement by suffering, of the Lamb of God!

And observe, a second truth, it is *not as a martyr merely that you are to behold Christ*. True, he was a martyr; the most glorious of the "noble army of martyrs" who have died for their principles, and been witnesses for God's truth. But where is Christ set before us merely as a martyr to truth? Would it be said, "Behold the Lamb of God bearing away the sins of the world," if Christ were to be viewed as nothing more than an illustrious example of self-sacrifice? No; he was dying not merely not for truth, but "for transgression." He was not merely setting an example of self-sacrifice,

but as God's own chosen victim was bearing away the sins of the world. Here is the great and pressing difficulty: how can a sinner be benefited by Christ's death, unless there be in that death something to meet his crying want for pardon—something to furnish him with an answer to the sentence of a condemning law and an accusing conscience? When a sinner has become safe; when his sentence of condemnation has been removed, and he is pardoned, then it may benefit him to contemplate the illustrious self-sacrifice of the Son of God. But how can that be of service to him until he has found an answer to the demands of justice, and a reason for forgiveness that shall satisfy God himself. No, it is not behold the *self*-sacrifice of Jesus, but behold His *atoning* sacrifice; "Behold the Lamb of God bearing away the sins of the world,"—presenting a reason to God, on the ground of which it will be right and just for Infinite Purity itself to pass by transgression, and clear the guilty. "He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God." Salvation is through the atoning merits of Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

How Jesus puts away Sin.

ARE you beginning to discover, dear reader, what *it* is in the Lord Jesus which is to meet the deep and pressing wants of your soul? It is the atoning sacrifice of Jesus —“The Lamb of God bearing away the sins of the world.” Here you will find that which you crave,—a means of lifting off that sentence of condemnation, and of bringing peace and liberty to your mind. Here is the casket in which lies wrapped up the “pearl of great price” that is to enrich your impoverished spirit. Here is the balm that is to heal the wounds of your distressed soul. Here is the great secret which is to be to you a source of everlasting joy.

Turn aside and behold this great sight! Behold the Illustrious Victim in the act of expiating, in the act of sacrificing himself, in the act of making compensation for the sins of the world. And in what sense was Jesus bearing away sin.

It was not by taking sin out of existence.

Sin was in the world after Christ's death. It is still a melancholy truth, "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Jesus was not, therefore, cleansing earth of its guilt-stains, and preventing the existence of sin in the future. It was not in the sense of annihilating the sins of the world that Jesus was said to be bearing them away. What then could the words of John the Baptist mean? In what sense was Jesus bearing away the sins of the world?

I answer, in the sense of bearing the *punishment due* to the sins of the world, in submitting to suffering and death as a penalty for the sins of the world. This is the doctrine of all Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation. It is the essence—the very sum and substance—the glory of the Scriptures. Take away this blessed truth, and how many a page, how many a chapter, how many a book of Scripture will be left mutilated or a blank! To this truth give all the Prophets witness. In this truth Evangelists and Apostles glory. In testifying to this truth, agree Moses, Elias, and Christ. Isaiah is full of this blessed truth. Read

his fifty-third chapter, and you find the burden of it to be "He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Daniel speaks of it when he says, "Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself; to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity," chap. ix. 26. Zachariah tells of this truth when he speaks of the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," chap. xiii. 1. Christ and his Apostles dwell on the same truth. Jesus says, "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Peter, speaking of the Saviour, says, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree: by whose stripes ye were healed," 1 Peter ii. 24. John says, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins," 1 John iv. 10. Paul's writings glow with this sublime truth; "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." And while such is the united testimony of the church on earth, the song of the church in heaven is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Thus, salvation is by the blood of JESUS ONLY.

Why did He Die?

"ATONEMENT! atonement! Were it not for that blessed doctrine of atonement I should sink," said a dying Christian. But what is "atonement?" or, rather, what is that precious truth which underlies such Scripture terms as these—"atonement," "propitiation," "ransom," &c.? How may that truth be illustrated and made simple to the comprehension of the simplest mind?

Let us suppose a mighty earthly sovereign at the head of an immense army, and marching to effect some all-important object. Discipline in his army is altogether indispensable, for insubordination will defeat the enterprise. But on one occasion he issues an order against which a whole regiment rebel. Now, what shall be done? This is a valuable regiment. The sovereign pities them, and yet abhors their disobedience. Either his authority must cease, that regiment must be put to the sword, or some governmental expedient must be devised that will as effectually secure future obedience as the execution of the law would do. An order is issued for the whole army

to form a hollow square. In the centre of this a vast scaffold is erected, over which an immense velvet pall is thrown. The implements of punishment are prepared. The whole army, with trailed arms and standards trailed in dust, muffled drums and solemn death-marches, are gathered, as they suppose, to witness the execution of the rebellious regiment. When all are at the highest point of suspense, the sovereign appears in the humble attire of a servant. Leaving his attendants behind him, he meekly ascends the scaffold, and thus addresses the rebellious regiment; "You have disobeyed my orders—you deserve to die. But my compassions bleed over you. Wholly to set aside the penalty you deserve, simply on your repentance and return to duty, I cannot, I dare not, and must not offer you forgiveness on any such conditions. My authority must be upheld, discipline must be maintained. So much do I regard public justice, that sooner should heaven and earth pass away than I would set aside the execution of the law in a manner that would weaken my authority. But, on the other hand, so much do I compassionate your case—so much do I love and pity you

that for the sake of being able to offer you, a pardon upon conditions that will not destroy the discipline of my army, I am willing and about to suffer in your stead?" So saying, he uncovers his shoulders, and receives upon his naked back one hundred stripes, until the blood flows down and stains the pall beneath his feet. Indeed, he suffers until one universal wail is heard. They cover their faces, and cry out in agony, until he bids the executioner stay his hand. He resumes his garments, and retires to his quarters. Now what, think you, would be the effect of such a transaction as this upon the discipline of his army? Who would dare thereafter to rebel? And which of that rebellious regiment, or who of the whole army, would not instantly die to protect their sovereign, or rather than disobey him?

This sovereign became the *propitiation* for the sins of his rebellious subjects. His sufferings were an *atonement* for their crimes. His blood was a *ransom* for them. Feeble illustration of the yet more glorious truth of atonement by the blood of Jesus, and JESUS only. (See 1 John ii. 2; Rom. v. 7-12.)

Neither is there Salvation in any Other.

LISTEN, then, anxious sinner, to the voice of your God! You are sorely troubled. Your sins are a heavy burden. You long for relief. Your soul is cast down within you, and you are crying in deep earnestness, "What must I do to be saved?" Turn then your agitated mind to Jesus; for "Neither is there salvation in any other."

No other could save you. No other could pay the mighty debt you owe. No other could make compensation to the justice of God you have offended. No other could offer a sacrifice sufficiently costly. No other possesses merits equal to the demand required by the broken law. But Jesus has died; He, the God-man, has suffered. "He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." His work is perfect. His atonement is complete. His sacrifice is well pleasing to God as an odour of a sweet smell. And now "It is finished." All things are ready. But there

is salvation in no other; for there is "no more," no other "sacrifice for sin." No other *could* save you.

And no other would save you. After your life-long rebellion; after your multiplied provocations; after your long rejection of his mercy; after being slighted, and crucified afresh by your aggravated sins, no other *would* save you. "Who is a God like unto Thee?" may you say. "My thoughts," says God, "are not as your thoughts, nor my ways as your ways;" therefore it is ye are made welcome to forgiveness. No other would love you as Christ loves you. No other would pity you as Christ pities you. No other would welcome you as Christ welcomes you. No other would offer so full, so free, so cordial a pardon as Christ offers. "For though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow."

"Ah! anxious sinner, why hesitate to take Christ at his word? What further assurance of his love do you need? Why not this moment hasten to his embrace? Oh, lift up your heart to the blessed Saviour, even now, as you read these lines, and say—

.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am ; and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind :
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thy love unknown :
Has broken every barrier down :
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Though your sins be as Scarlet.

LISTEN again, O anxious sinner, to the forgiving words of your God. What promise can be more suitable, more cheering than this? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." True, you have gone far in sin. True, you have sunk low indeed. True, you are among the chief of sinners, and this is your greatest grief. But for you there is hope. You are not too far gone for Omnipotent Grace to bring you back. You are not sunk too low for infinite mercy to raise you up. You are a guilty prodigal, and have wandered far, and sinned with a high hand and a rebellious heart. But for you the way of return is open. A Father's house is open. A Father's arms are open. And here is the proof, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

Your sins may be as numerous; as many as the sands upon the sea-shore; as numerous as the stars of night; as countless as the drops of ocean; but the blood of Jesus

can cleanse them all away. He has paid the debt of punishment for every one of them. The mighty reckoning for the whole of them was paid on Calvary's cross. They are many, but not too many to be blotted out. They are countless, but he has reckoned them all, and has made compensation for them all to the uttermost farthing.

Your sins may be aggravated. You may have sinned long, and at all ages, and in all places, and in all ways. You may have exhausted every excess of wickedness. You may have exhausted every sinful cup of pleasure. You may have sinned against conscience, and the warnings of friends, and the prayers of a pious parent, and the holy commands of God. You may have sinned against clearest light, and fullest knowledge, and the choicest mercies. Your sins may be of no ordinary cast, but of deepest dye.

And yet there is hope! "Though red like scarlet, they shall be made white as snow." The blood of Jesus has such cleansing efficacy, it can make the foulest clean. If you are only willing to trust in him, if you are only willing to plead his merits, if you are only willing to be sprinkled by his blood, you shall be made white as snow. The

blood-red stain of guilt shall be purged away. The scarlet dye of aggravated rebellion shall be washed out by the cleansing blood of the Lamb of God, who bore away the sins of the world.

Oh! then, turn to that cleansing fountain; flee to that refuge; betake yourself to Jesus, and

JESUS ONLY.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

“Of whom I am chief.”

THEN, my dear reader, though you be the chief of sinners, you need not despair. Were not God a God of infinite love, you might despair. Had not Jesus died, the just for the unjust, you might despair. Were not the Spirit of God inviting all who thirst for pardon to come and receive it, you might despair. Had you committed the unpardonable sin of final rejection of Jesus, you might despair. Were the door of mercy shut against you, you might despair. Had you been cut down and sent to swift destruction, you might despair. But this is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, “Of whom,” says Paul, “I am chief.” This was the hope, the sheet-anchor of Paul. Had it not been possible for the chief of sinners to obtain mercy, Paul would have despaired. Were it not a faithful saying that Jesus came to

save chief sinners, Paul would have despaired. Were Jesus not able to save unto the uttermost, Paul would have despaired. But here he trusted. To this hope he clung. He felt that his sins were of peculiar aggravation. He had blasphemed the blessed name, and persecuted the faithful disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. His very breath had been murder against the saints. And yet says he, "I obtained mercy. I, after so much rebellion, after such aggravated sins. I, after such deep stained, scarlet dyed guilt; I, the chief of sinners obtained mercy."

Then, anxious sinner, for you there is hope. Whoever you are, whatever you have been, for you there is hope. Are you willing to be pardoned? Are you willing to take Christ as your Saviour? Are you willing to come like the publican, saying, as you look at the sacrifice of Jesus, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" Then for you there is hope. Christ saves the chief of sinners. Manasseh was one; he had filled Jerusalem with idols and with blood. But Manasseh obtained mercy. David was one; his sins were of blood-red aggravation.

But David found mercy, and in his fifty-first Psalm could sing of it. Mary Magdalen was a chief sinner; but her sins, though many, were all forgiven. The dying thief was one of the chief of sinners; yet at the eleventh hour, he obtained mercy, and was that day with Christ in Paradise. Then dear reader, why should not you trust in the same Saviour, and find pardon and peace now in JESUS ONLY.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Not by Works of Righteousness.

O SINNER, you feel that you are wrong, and you are longing to get right. You know you are condemned, and you are anxious to be acquitted at the bar of divine justice. Then be assured, "it is not by works of righteousness."

It is not by any reform, or repentance, or holiness of yours, that God will justify you. It is for nothing on your part that God will consent to pardon. So says the Apostle Peter. "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." It is not God's way to pardon for man's righteousness' sake, or why did Christ die? No, a costlier sacrifice has been rendered; richer blood has been shed. All your fancied goodness in the future, all your efforts, and prayers, and duties, and works, can never avail to atone for one of your past sins, or remove the sentence of condemnation. Unless you have a better price on your hands than your own excellence or duties, you can never be accepted of God.

Your works are not accepted by God. "Our righteousnesses are as filthy rags:"—odious in the sight of a holy God. Look at your motives; how selfish! how worldly! how unworthy of an immortal being! "The heart is deceitful above all things." Look at your efforts to please God. Look at your duties, your works. How irregular! how cold! how heartless! Take the thoughts, and words, and actions of any day of your life, and will they bear the scrutiny of your own eye? Much less can they bear the piercing glance of God, who knoweth all things. And remember, if you would be saved by your own works, God requires perfect obedience. Those who would be justified by His law, must keep the whole law. And have you done that? Can you dare to say you are doing that?

Oh, then, think not to be saved by your own works, by your own good feelings, or good desires, or good resolutions, or good actions. Go, count the number of the stars; go, tell the sands upon the sea-shore; go, reckon the drops of ocean; go, scale the heaven of heavens; go, measure infinite space, and reckon up eternity, and find out God unto

perfection, before you can be saved by your own works of righteousness.

But why attempt the fruitless task of climbing to heaven by the ladder of your own excellencies. Has not Jesus died? Has not God raised him from the dead? Did not Jesus say, "It is finished?" Has not the Father said, "I am well pleased?" Then come to Christ for salvation. Say, with adoring gratitude—

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no respite know,
These for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling.

Coming thus you shall find pardon and peace through JESUS ONLY.

“Lord remember me.”

How fitting such a prayer from the lips of the dying thief! What conception had he of the *power* of Jesus! What an exalted idea of his *mercy*, that he would forgive so base a sinner; that at the eleventh hour, after so long a course of iniquity, after such a sinful life, to think that Jesus would forgive him! Oh, what faith in the forgiving love of Jesus! And this is what the Saviour delights to see. Where sin has abounded, there grace doth much more abound. He loves to show mercy to the chief of sinners. You honour Jesus most by the most entire confidence.

There is something peculiarly expressive and touching in the dying petition of the poor malefactor. “Remember me,” He does not say, “Forgive me.” Was it because he hardly dare expect so vast a blessing as to have all those sins washed out? But he desires one thought of remembrance from the Saviour as the crumbs

from the master's table. Or was it that he felt he needed pardon and peace, justification, grace and glory, yea, all spiritual blessings; and as if all these would be the result of one remembrance of Jesus, he prays, "Lord, remember me! He felt that one thought of Christ would secure all blessings from his royal hand.

How affecting the prayer, "Remember me!" from such lips, after such a life. Lord Jesus, remember me! Remember that I was that poor guilty malefactor that hung by thy side on the cross. Remember that I was that poor guilty one who had despised Thee, and heaped curses on Thy head. Remember that I was led to see my sin, and mourned over it. Remember that I was led to put confidence in Thee as my Lord and my God. Oh, remember that in my last moments, when life was ebbing away, and heart and flesh failing, I sought shelter in thy bleeding love, and entrusted my eternal interests into Thy hands. And when thy sufferings are over, and Thou hast passed to Thy crown; when Thou hast entered Thy kingdom, and art seated on Thy glorious throne, oh, remember that

poor dying thief, the chief of sinners, that clung to Thee as his only hope and Saviour. "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

O sinner, make this prayer your own. Jesus is as willing to hear, and to save you as He was to hear and save the dying thief. Oh, put confidence in His *mercy* and His *power*. You cannot place too much trust in Him. Where else can you find such a Saviour, such a friend? Where can you repose your weary soul in death but on the bosom of Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me !

The hour is near, consigned to death,
I own the just decree ;
Saviour, with my last parting breath,
I'll cry, remember me !

He is able to save unto the uttermost.

WAS it not so with the dying thief? "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." What mercy! Is it not true, His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as as our thoughts? Jesus does not upbraid the dying thief. He does not call his sins to remembrance. He does not reproach him for all that long-life impiety, or those morning hours of blasphemy. He sees the poor penitent's remorse, he sees the sincerity of his grief, he sees the confiding trust he places in his mercy, hears his prayer, and grants the mercy he needs. This was compassion like a God. It was like him who doth not quench the smoking flax, nor bruise the broken reed. It was like Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Like Him who said to the convicted, but penitent woman, "Neither do I condemn thee." Like Him who said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Oh, "he is able to save to the uttermost all

that come unto God by him." One scarcely knows which most to magnify, the majesty with which the Saviour dispenses everlasting life, and promises blessings in the world beyond the grave, giving like a God, or the mercy which leads him to impart such blessings to a guilty but returning sinner, like the poor dying malefactor.

O anxious reader, let me commend this mercy to you. You have, it may be, wandered far. You may have gone great lengths in sin. You may have brought a burden of guilt on your conscience that weighs you down. You may have sinned against light and knowledge, against sermons and prayers of Christian friends, against the remonstrances of those interested in you, the convictions of your own conscience, the strivings of the spirit of God; and now you are ready to despair. But there is mercy for you. Turn ye to the stronghold. That God against whom you have rebelled is ready to forgive. That Saviour whom, by your sins, you have crucified afresh, is willing to be your Saviour. He will blot out all your long catalogue of transgressions. Return then to him, and like the

dying malefactor, cry "Lord remember me!"
He will not cast you out. His love is as
great now as ever it was. His death is as
efficacious now as ever it was. His power
is as mighty now as ever it was. Turn then
to Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high—
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on Thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

"Heaven in Purit.""

Heaven is the dwelling-place of a pure
and perfect God. He assumes to himself
the sovereignty over the door of that
heaven in the church. He claims that
heaven is his own kingdom. Celestial bliss
is his own inheritance. What a delight-
ful inheritance! "With Christ!" this
is his own inheritance. It is to
know him, to love him. It is to
know his loving countenance. It is to
know the sweetness of his love. It is to
know his sympathy. It is to enjoy his sym-
pathy. It is to "bask in his glory." It is to
"bask in his love as he is." It is
to have his spirit ever pouring forth
words of wisdom and love. It is
to have his continual song of praise to God
in the church. This is the main element
of heaven. The true, heaven is
the church. "Heaven is the church." The true we
believe in the general assembly and

10 John II. 2.
11 John vi. 22.

church of the first-born. 'Tis true we shall there mingle with the innumerable company of angels. 'Tis true we shall rejoin those whom we have loved on earth who have left us, and are now awaiting our arrival in that blest land. All this will make heaven. Again, 'tis true there are golden streets and a river of life, 'and walls of jasper, and gates of pearls, and a celestial temple, and pleasures of which heart cannot conceive: but the main happiness of heaven will be to be "with Christ." This was the heaven promised to His disciples, "'I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.'" This is the heaven to which the Apostle Paul looked forward, "'I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.'" "'So shall we ever be with the Lord.'" And this is the heaven promised to the dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"With Christ!" This is the bliss of heaven to the Christian. True, 'tis bliss to get away from the corroding cares and

¹ Rev. xxi. 10-27, 1 Cor. ii. 9.

² John xiv. 3.

³ Phil. i. 23.

⁴ 1 Thess. iv. 17.

harrowing trials of life: 'tis bliss to enter a world where there shall be no separations, no sorrow, no sin, and no death: 'tis bliss to leave a poor, crazy, clay tabernacle, and be clothed with immortality: 'tis bliss to mingle with patriarchs, with the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs: 'tis bliss to meet brave heroes, who have contended for the truth and been found faithful. But the crowning bliss of all will be, to be "with Christ;" to depart and be for ever with the Lord.

For ever with the Lord !

Amen ! so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality !

“To-day in Paradise!”

How soon was the prayer of the dying thief answered! How sudden the transition! How short his journey—a day from the cross to paradise. No countenance here to the Popish doctrine of Purgatory! Nothing here about years of suffering in an intermediate state, until the dross of the soul is purged away. In a moment, or literally, in less than a day, does the soul of the parting saint pass from earth to heaven. Oh, how near is heaven to earth; no long journey. Cross the river—there is Canaan: pass death—and you are in Paradise. You take the last step in this world, and the next finds you in heaven.

“To-day!” How glorious the transition to that poor dying thief! Little did he think, when the last morning of his life dawned, that the day of his wretched execution was to end in such happiness; that the storm of angry elements of the morning would be changed into so blessed an even-

ing's calm. Conceive of the rapid and glorious change! In the morning, nailed to the cruel cross; in the evening wearing a golden crown! In the morning cast out as too vile for earth; in the evening welcomed into highest heaven! In the morning blaspheming a dying Saviour; in the evening with that Saviour in Paradise! In the morning pierced with sorrows more bitter than the nails in his hands and feet; in the evening ceasing from care and pain, and enjoying a peaceful rest. In the morning surrounded by angry foes, in whose curses he joined; in the evening received among angels and the spirits of the just, joining in the chorus of the redeemed! In the morning on earth; in the evening in heaven! In the morning on the borders of hell; in the evening caught up to Paradise. How marvellous, how matchless, the riches of Divine grace! "Who is a God like unto thee, pardoning iniquity, transgression and sin!"

And is not earth near heaven? How brief the distance that intervenes? Ah! believing soul, you may be far nearer heaven than you imagine. 'Tis true heaven

in its peacefulness may be reigning in your bosom now. 'Tis true, by your sympathy with Jesus you may have heaven in the bud in your heart now. 'Tis true, with you heaven is begun below. But how near to you may heaven be in its full blown flower, in its surpassing glories! For Christ is with you now, and in a brief interval you shall be with him in Paradise. Hold fast your confidence in Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

Lo, what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around ;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand ;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

“Father, forgive them.”

So prayed a dying Saviour after he had just been nailed to the cross!* And surely none needed forgiveness more than the murderers of the innocent Saviour. Theirs was an awful crime. They were crucifying the Lord of Glory. They were killing the Prince of Life. Their sin was calling loudly to heaven for vengeance. They were indeed filling up the measure of their iniquities. This their last, their crowning sin, was sufficient to sink them into deep and indescribable woe.

Jesus saw the doom overhanging them. He saw their crime in its own fearful character, in its awful and everlasting consequences. And his heart yearns over them with infinite pity.

“Father, forgive them!” he cries. What a prayer, from such lips, under such circumstances! It was the appeal of the

* Luke xxiii. 34.

Saviour of sinners. It was the intercession of the "one only mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." It was the prayer of the great High Priest of our profession, who even then was commencing his great intercessory work.

But with what emphasis do these words rise from the Saviour's heart at such a time! He was now bearing away the world's transgressions. He was dying as a victim lamb for those very murderers. He was suffering, the just for the unjust, to bring them unto God. Every pang he was enduring was for them: every agony was on their account. It was that even they might not perish that he was thus being bruised for their iniquities. He was presenting to God the great argument—the only satisfying reason why they should be forgiven—even his own dying sacrifice. And not only did his lips plead for forgiveness. Every drop of blood was pleading. Every opened pore was pleading. Every gory wound had a mouth and pleaded, "Father, forgive them!" Every groan, every tear, every pang was pleading, in language mightier than words, "Father,

forgive them!" Yes; vain would have been that prayer from the lips of even a dying Saviour, unless by those agonies and that blood he had presented to God an all-satisfying reason why sinners should be forgiven. Thus explaining his prayer by his sacrifice, his intercession by his atonement, we see with what a depth of meaning his words rose to heaven, "Father, forgive them!" As if he had said, "Father, forgive them," because I am bearing the punishment due to their sins. Forgive them, because I am making amends to thy broken laws. Forgive them, because I am repairing the injury done by their transgressions. Forgive them, because I am paying the mighty debt they owe, but could never, never pay. Forgive them, because I take upon me their sins; reckon my merits to their account, and for the sake of these dying agonies, for the sake of this blood, for the sake of all I have done on their behalf, let these sinners live. Oh, where shall the sinner find love like that which is in Jesus, and JESUS ONLY?

They know not what they do.

DOES our Blessed Lord by these words explain away or excuse their guilt? Does he mean to say they were so ignorant of what they were doing as to be scarcely responsible for their acts? No: or why pray for their forgiveness at all?

Can it be that his plea does but add intensity to their crimes? "Father, forgive them, for they greatly need that mercy. Theirs is an awful sin; they but little know its real character, its awful guilt. They know not to what a depth of woe it will sink them. They see not with what awful consequences it is connected. They are murdering the Prince of Life, and imbruing their hands in the blood of Thy well-beloved Son. Oh, forgive them! for no sinners were ever in such a state of guilt and danger. Forgive them, for they are worthy of the lowest place in woe."

Or is it a prayer for the ignorant crowd of Jews and soldiers who were led on by

the guilty priests and rulers—by Satan and his agents? Judas knew what he did. Pilate knew what he did. The chief priests knew what they did. They all knew that they were shedding innocent blood. But the multitudes, the rabble, the soldiers, who followed the commands of their leaders, and were the mere tools in the hands of the great, were less guilty, for they knew not what they did.

There are some, therefore, for whom the Saviour urges this plea. Poor misguided, but now anxious soul, is this your case? Have you been made the unwary victim of some guiltier rebel against God? Have you gone great lengths in sin? And are you now brought to yourself, and to your God? Then let this be your language;—

“Yes, my Saviour, and this too I can say, I did it ignorantly, when Thou didst place thyself in my way, and I so basely passed Thee by. I did it ignorantly, when Thou didst woo me to Thee, and I rejected Thee. But thou knewest that I did it ignorantly, and therefore wouldst not be repulsed, but didst return continually and knock at the door, although it was ever

closed against Thee. The more the charm of my sins disappeared, the more didst Thou disclose to me the charms of Thy love; and how could I any longer be in ignorance that to reject Thee was to reject Thy salvation? And thus Thou hast been imparting unto me more and more of the riches of Thy grace; and when Thou didst reveal Thyself to me in all Thy majesty and beauty, then did I yield myself entirely to Thee, for that which I had everywhere sought with unextinguishable ardour have I truly found in Thee.

Thou art too strong, O Lord, and I must yield,
Thou the great banner-bearer in the field !
The hero in a thousand victories Thou,
Yes, even the strongest unto Thee must bow.

Entangled in a snare, I vainly thought
That with my direst enemy I fought ;
Soon undeceived, with bitter grief I found
It was my truest friend I sought to wound.

O constant love, that sought my heart to win,
Though oft repulsed and scorned, forgive my sin !
If Thou my dear Redeemer, I had known,
Ah ! to whom else, Lord, should I then have gone !

We have an Advocate with the Father.

"If *any* man sin, we have an advocate." Jesus is an advocate for "any," and therefore for every sinner. Not only is He an advocate for his people, but for every sinner; yea, even for those who as yet are filled with malice against him, as were the sinners of Jerusalem, over whom he wept, and his enemies round his cross, for whom he prayed.

Jesus prays for his own people, and, blessed be his name, for those who are not so; yea, for all who have not yet returned to his fold. He came to seek and to save the lost, and he is carrying on his intercession for all the lost sheep who are yet wandering "far off" from God. What an affecting thought is this—that Jesus in heaven should be praying for the salvation of his enemies! Yes, careless sinner, Jesus is praying for you. You may never have thought of this. You may never spare a thought for Jesus, except to blaspheme his blessed name; but he has many a loving thought for you; he is pleading for you; and as he exhibits before his Father's throne

the marks of his sufferings, "the scars of honor in his flesh," the print of the nails in his hands and feet, he says, "Father, forgive them!"

Thus he prayed for Jerusalem, as he stood on Olivet, and "beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, but ye would not."

And thus he prayed for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

And thus says the Apostle Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Ah! sinner, you may be careless and ungodly; you may be going about your work at enmity with God. You may be sowing the seeds of vice around you, and doing all your influence can do against Jesus of Nazareth. But you have not yet sinned away his compassion, his mercy, his love. His loving heart yearns over you

still. He follows you into all those scenes of folly and vice, and he prays for you still. He pleads that that precious soul of yours may not perish. He sees you value it not; but oh! he knows its worth, for he died to save it, and he prays for its rescue. He sees you on the borders of the pit; he sees you being caught in Satan's snare; he sees you just yielding to temptation; he sees you, as it were, a brand being lighted, and he prays that you may be plucked as a brand from the everlasting burnings. And thus from hour to hour, and day to day, and year after year, he has been pleading for you, and is pleading still while life and being last. And could you hear his plea, it may be that final, that solemn one, "Lord, let it alone this year also; perhaps fruit may yet be found, and if not, then cut it down."

"Come *now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white like snow; and though they be as crimson, I will make them as wool." Come now, O guilty criminal, while an advocate is ready to plead your cause, and put that cause into the hands of Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

I will in no wise cast out.

THIS is a promise for the "chief of sinners:" not to encourage sin, or to lead any to think lightly of their guilt. No; you need only to call to mind the bitter agonies of the garden and the cross; you need only remember the existence of a world of awful suffering, to show you the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

But, heavy-laden sinner, this promise is to you. You are weighed down with the burden of your guilt. You feel that you have fallen far from God and righteousness. You have committed sins that terrify you to think of. Your conscience is awakened. Your burden seems intolerable. You think of past sins, and you say, "It is impossible they can be forgiven." Sins recently committed, or long ago perpetrated, come with overwhelming power to your remembrance, and you are ashamed and confounded. You think of scenes of vice you have witnessed, lengths of sin you have run, and your heart sinks within you, and you are ready to despair. I once knew an aged man,

who, on passing through a certain city, shook with trembling and groaned aloud as he went through certain streets and by certain houses. "Oh, there are objects in these streets," he said to a friend who was with him, "there are houses here that call my sins to remembrance; for here, twenty years ago, I committed sins too awful to be named, and I fear they can never be forgiven." Is it so with you? Do you shudder when thus your sins are brought to remembrance? If so, let me assure you, *there is mercy for you*, though you be the chief of sinners. "Though your sins be as red as crimson, they shall be as wool, though like scarlet, they shall become whiter than snow." For "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He prayed for his murderers, although they had stained their souls with the guilt of murdering the Prince of Life. And he pleads for you, and he pleads with you. "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." He has saved sinners like yourself. He saved a Mary Magdalen, out of whom he had cast seven devils. He saved a Peter who denied him. He saved a dying thief at the eleventh hour. He

prayed for his murderers, and on the day of Pentecost saved them, although they had, with wicked hands, cruelly slain him. He saved a blaspheming Saul of Tarsus, who calls himself the chief of sinners, and to you he is saying, "I will in no wise cast out."*

"But I am a great sinner," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.
 "But I am an old sinner," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.
 "But I am a hard-hearted sinner," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.
 "But I have served Satan all my days," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.
 "But I have sinned against mercy," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.
 "But I have no good thing to bring with me," sayest thou ;
 "I will in no wise cast out," says Christ.

What more canst thou need, O anxious sinner, to assure thee of the forgiving mercy of thy injured but compassionate Lord and Saviour? You need no other friend, you can find no other Saviour than Jesus, and JESUS ONLY.

* John vi. 37.

Welcome!

PRECIOUS word to a poor outcast sinner! Blessed news, wretched prodigal, to your soul! Your God bids you welcome to himself, welcome to pardon, welcome to heaven! Jesus has died for you; and for his sake you are this moment welcome to the friendship of your God. Yes, your offended, but now satisfied God, yearns over you with infinite affection, and bids you welcome to his bosom. He is far more willing to save you than you are to be saved. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Oh, realize this wondrous truth!

Dear reader, whoever you are, however sinful you have been, you are this moment welcome to the pardon and love of your God. Jesus makes you welcome, for he has answered for your sins. Yes, you are

as welcome as you can be. None were ever more welcome than you. Paul was not; Peter was not; Mary Magdalen was not; the dying thief was not. No sinner was ever more welcome to God's love and to salvation than you are at this moment. For you are as welcome as an infinitely loving God can make you. You are as welcome as a pleading Holy Ghost can make you; "the Spirit says come." You are as welcome as you ever will be. You are as welcome as though you were to become holy as an angel. Your bad deeds do not make you less welcome; your good deeds cannot render you more welcome. Oh, believe, that for Emmanuel's sake, you are this moment welcome to the friendship of your God. Realize this; enjoy this. Drink deeply of this "river of life." Live happy in this realization; look forward to death through the medium of this blessed truth, and see it shorn of its terrors; and abiding in this good hope steadfast unto the end, joyful angels shall carry you to that bright and blessed world where you shall understand more fully than your limited powers now can perceive it, what it is to

be welcome to the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

And now, dear reader, how does this word welcome affect *you*? Does it give *you* joy? Does it soothe *your* griefs? Does it allay *your* fears? Does it bring *you* peace? Why doubt any longer? Why linger on the brink of this ocean of bliss and fear to bathe in it your weary soul? Oh! take God at his word, and even now, as you read these lines, lift up your heart to him in confidence, and believe that, for Christ's sake, he does receive you, and that he does, according to his word, blot out your sins when thus you ask him.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

Never taken away.

SUCH is the portion of the soul that has chosen the "good part," the "one thing needful." In its very nature it must be permanent. The happiness and habit of a regenerated soul are so interwoven with the very fibres of that soul's being, that it cannot be taken away, until light becomes darkness, holiness becomes sin, and God himself shall change. It shall "never be taken away." It cannot be by God—it shall not be by Satan. *Never taken away!* because guaranteed by promise and by blood. "No man shall pluck them from my Father's hand." "Neither life, nor death, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate from the love of Christ." "They shall never perish." "He that believeth in me shall never die." *Never taken away!* Though all else shall fail; though all other cisterns be broken, this—never! All other anchors shall fail; but this—never! All other props shall sink; but this—never! All other friends shall

depart; but the friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"—never! Riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away; but treasure in heaven shall never fail. Children will pass away, and live but in fond memory; dearest friends depart, and be known no more; health be broken; bright schemes of earthly happiness be shattered;—yea, all things shall be changed, but the portion of the saved one shall endure through eternal ages. *Never taken away!* The books shall be set; the trumpet shall sound; the graves shall be opened; the dead, small and great, shall stand before the Judgment bar, and the portion of the lost be fixed forever; but the good part of those who, like Mary, have chosen it as their own, shall never fail them. *Never taken away!* Yea, heaven and earth shall pass away, the firmament shall be rolled together as a scroll, this great globe be wrapped in flames, the Apocalyptic angel shall stand and proclaim time shall be no longer; but nothing shall touch the enduring bliss of the soul that has chosen the one thing needful. *Never taken away!* Yea, it shall go on accumulating as the cycles of eternity

roll on. New fountains of bliss will be ever opening; new capacities of enjoyment ever forming; new sources of delight ever breaking forth. Joy shall be added to joy, and pleasure to pleasure, like drop to drop, and stream to stream, until the river of bliss flows in swelling volumes into the great ocean of blessedness that can never, never fail. *Never taken away!* What intellect can calculate the cycles of that duration that never ends? What mortal mind grasp the majestic idea of that bliss, ever accumulating, which God hath prepared for them that love him? As well compare the seed with the plant it produces; the acorn with the oak of the forest; the drop with the ocean; a star with the noonday sun; an atom with the universe; the creature with the blessed Creator, as try to conceive of what we shall be by what we now are. "Beloved, now are we the children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."*

And all this bliss is due to Jesus, and
JESUS ONLY.

* 1 John iii. 2.

I know whom I have believed.

LORD JESUS! I come to Thee. Thou dost invite the chief of sinners. I am one. Thou dost encourage the weary and heavy laden to come. I am one. I have been wretched long enough. I have sinned long enough. I have been a wandering prodigal long enough. I am weary of the world; weary of the service of sin; weary of my very self. None but thou canst tell the depth of my wretchedness, or the crimson guilt of my soul. Whither can I flee but unto thee? Justice pursues me; my sins condemn me; my conscience gives me no peace. Weary and heavy laden, I turn to Thee, Loving Saviour! for rest.

Lord Jesus! I believe, O help my unbelief! I believe thou didst die for me. Thou dost love me; yes, or where now had I been? Thou yearnest over me with infinite affection. My soul is precious in Thy sight; yea, Lord, did it not cost Thy life to ransom it from destruction? Ah! Lord, I

have no friend like thee; no Saviour but Thee. I come to Thee; I take refuge in Thy arms of mercy. I flee to Thee as my only hope. I know Thou wilt not cast me out.

Lord Jesus! I have tried other means. I have tried the world, and it has disappointed me. I have tried pleasure, and it has not satisfied me. I have tried friendship; it has failed me. I have tried my own resolutions, and poor sinful efforts, but no peace have I found. And now, although a poor cast-away, I come to Thee. I know Thou wilt receive me. I put my case in Thy hands. I know Thy blood is sufficient to atone, and it has atoned for my sins. Lord, it is enough. I rest in Thee.

And now, Blessed Lord, I shall soon be dying. I shall soon launch into the world unseen. But Thou art there, and I will fear no evil. Art Thou not king of death and the unseen world? Then remember me when I enter Thy kingdom. And as I take the last step in this world, and my next is on ground untrod before, I will put my hand into Thy hand, and feel that it is Thy kingdom I enter, and in Thy glorious realms I stand.

And soon, Blessed Lord, I shall be summoned to Thy bar of judgment. But Thou wilt be on the Throne, and Thou art my own Redeemer, and Thou wilt acknowledge me before Thy Father and the Angels. For am I not Thine? Have I not entrusted my soul and all its interest in Thy hands? And wilt not Thou love me to the end, and smile upon me, and say, "Come ye blessed of my Father?"

Praise to Thy name, O my Lord Jesus, I now have peace! The storm is over, and there is a calm. Thou wast angry with me, but now Thou comfortest me. Now I can lift up my head with joy. Now my burden of sin is gone. The sting of death is gone. The terrors of judgment are gone. I am Thine, and Thou art mine. And now all is well, and my joy is unspeakable and full of glory. And as I tread the remaining steps of my pilgrimage, my song shall be Jesus, and JESUS ONLY. Amen.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God ;
 He bears them all, and frees us,
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White, in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fulness dwell in him ;
 He heals all my diseases :
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases
 He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine ;
 His right hand me embraces ;
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes,
 His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's Holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises ;
 To learn the angels' song.

"Jehovah Tsidkenu."—The Lord our Righteousness.*

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page ;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree—
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " 'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came,
To drink at the fountain, life-living and free ;
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " is all things to me.

"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU !" my treasure and boast,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU !" I ne'er can be lost ;
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate, and shield.

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This " watchword " should rally my faltering breath ;
For if from life's fever my God set me free,
"JEHOVAH TSIDKENU " my death-song shall be.

* Jer. xxiii. 6, margin.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go ;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless wo."

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
And whelmed my tortured mind.

Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load ;
Alas, I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God."

The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare :
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And felt his pity move ;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

The voice of Free Grace
 Cries escape to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ hath open'd a fountain.
 For sin and pollution,
 And every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb
 Who hath bought us our pardon,
 We'll praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

Ye souls that are wounded,
 To Jesus repair;
 Now he calls you in mercy—
 And can you forbear?
 Though your sins are increased
 As high as a mountain,
 That blood can remove them
 Which streams from this fountain.
 Hallelujah, &c.

O Jesus, ride onward
 Triumphantly glorious,
 O'er sin, death and hell,
 Thou'rt more than victorious;
 Thy name is the theme
 Of the great congregation,
 While angels and saints
 Raise the shout of salvation.
 Hallelujah, &c.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why :
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live :
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die ?

Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why
 He, who did your sins retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live :
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?

Sinners turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die ?

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest :
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till travelling days are done.

“ I will give you rest.” MATT. xi. 28.

"*This* I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would. But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are *these*, Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revilings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told *you* in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another."—*Galatians* v. 16-26.

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—*Titus* ii. 14.

DYING WORDS.

"I cannot say, as one did, I have not so lived that I should now be afraid to die; but this I can say, *I have so LEARNED CHRIST that I am not afraid to die.*"

Stephen Marshall, a Divine of the 17th, Century.

"Death is always formidable to me, except when I see him *disarmed of his sting, by having sheathed it in the body of Jesus Christ.*"

The Poet Cowper.

"When I consider the infinite dignity and all sufficiency of Christ, *I am ashamed to talk of venturing on him.* O! had I TEN THOUSAND SOULS, I would at this moment cast them all into his hands with the utmost confidence."

Dr. Simpson, author of "Plea for Religion."

"Christ in his person, Christ in the love of his heart, and Christ in the power of his arm, is the Rock on which I rest; and now (reclining his head gently on the pillow) DEATH, STRIKE!"

John Rees, a London Minister.

BOOKS FOR SALE
AT THE
EVANGELICAL BOOK STORE,
1224 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.
By BISHOP McILVAINE,

MEMOIR OF REV. LEGH RICHMOND,
PUBLISHED BY THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVANGELICAL
KNOWLEDGE.

RICHMOND'S DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE.
AND TRACTS.
By THE SAME.

MEMOIR OF LADY HUNTINGDON.
By REV. ALFRED H. NEW.

THE PATHWAY OF SAFETY,

OR

COUNSEL TO THE AWAKENED,

BY

REV. ASHTON OXENDEN,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. CHARLES D. COOPER,

RECTOR OF ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE BETTER COVENANT,

BY THE LATE

REV. FRANCIS GOODE,

WITH A PREFACE BY THE LATE

REV. JAMES H. FOWLES,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, PHILA.

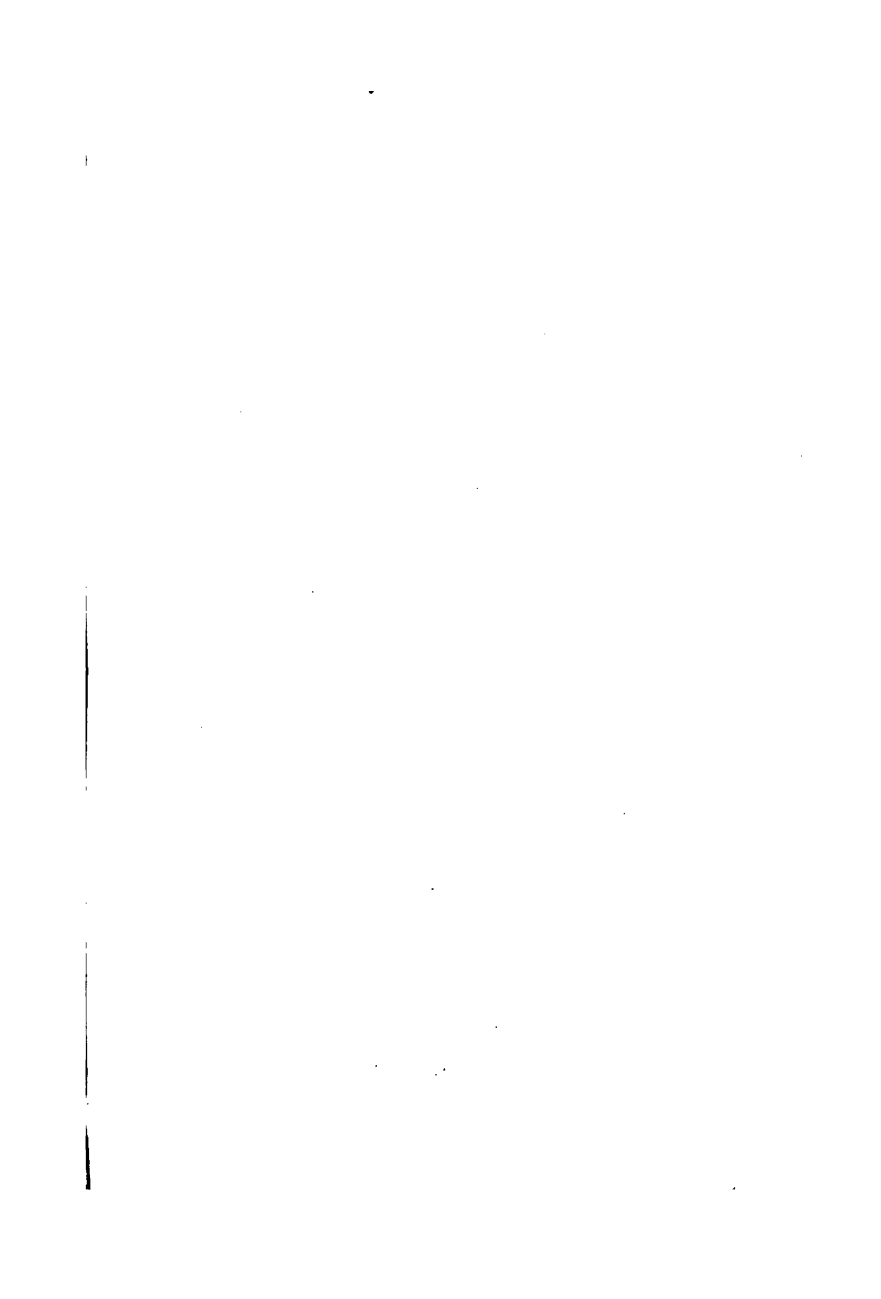
PRAYER AT HOME,

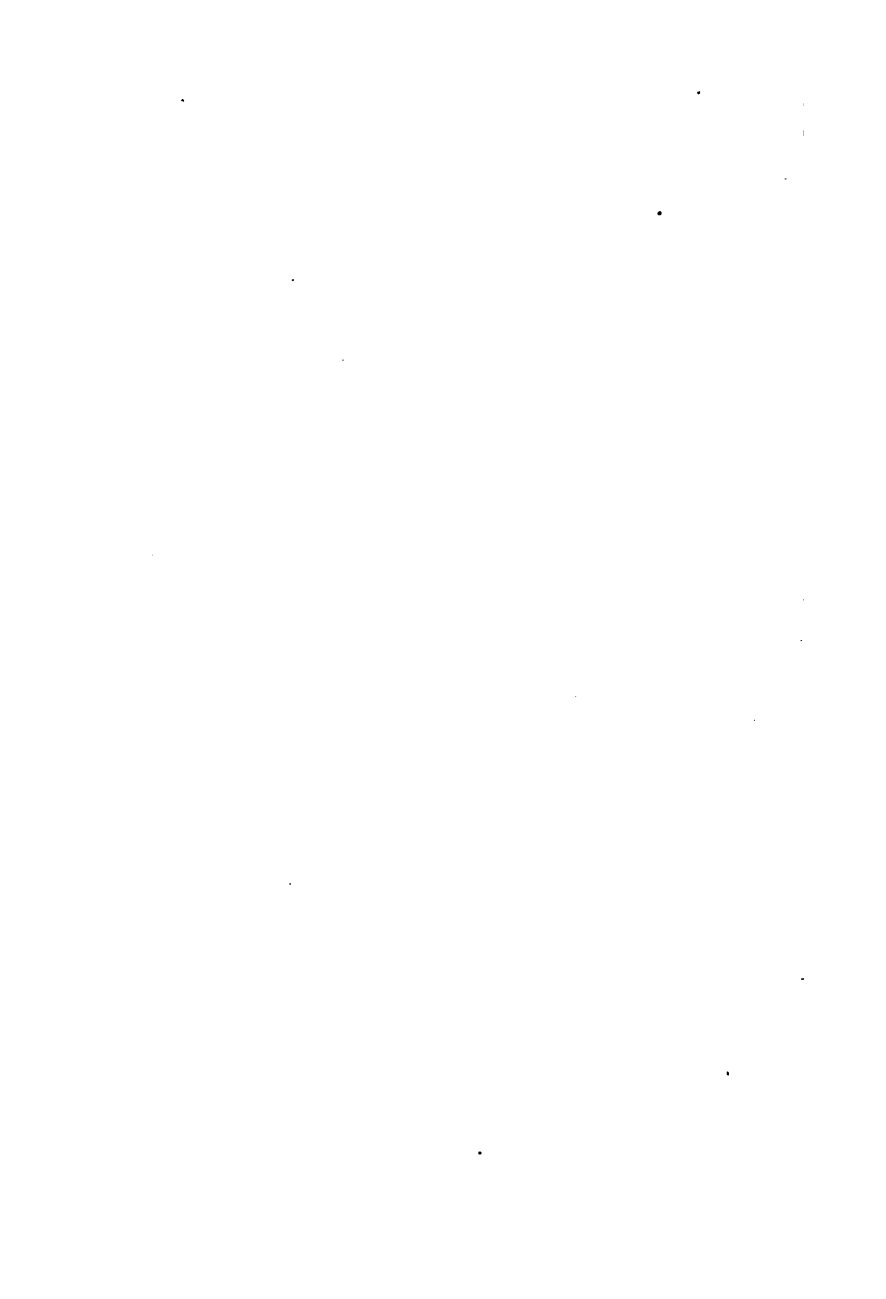
OR

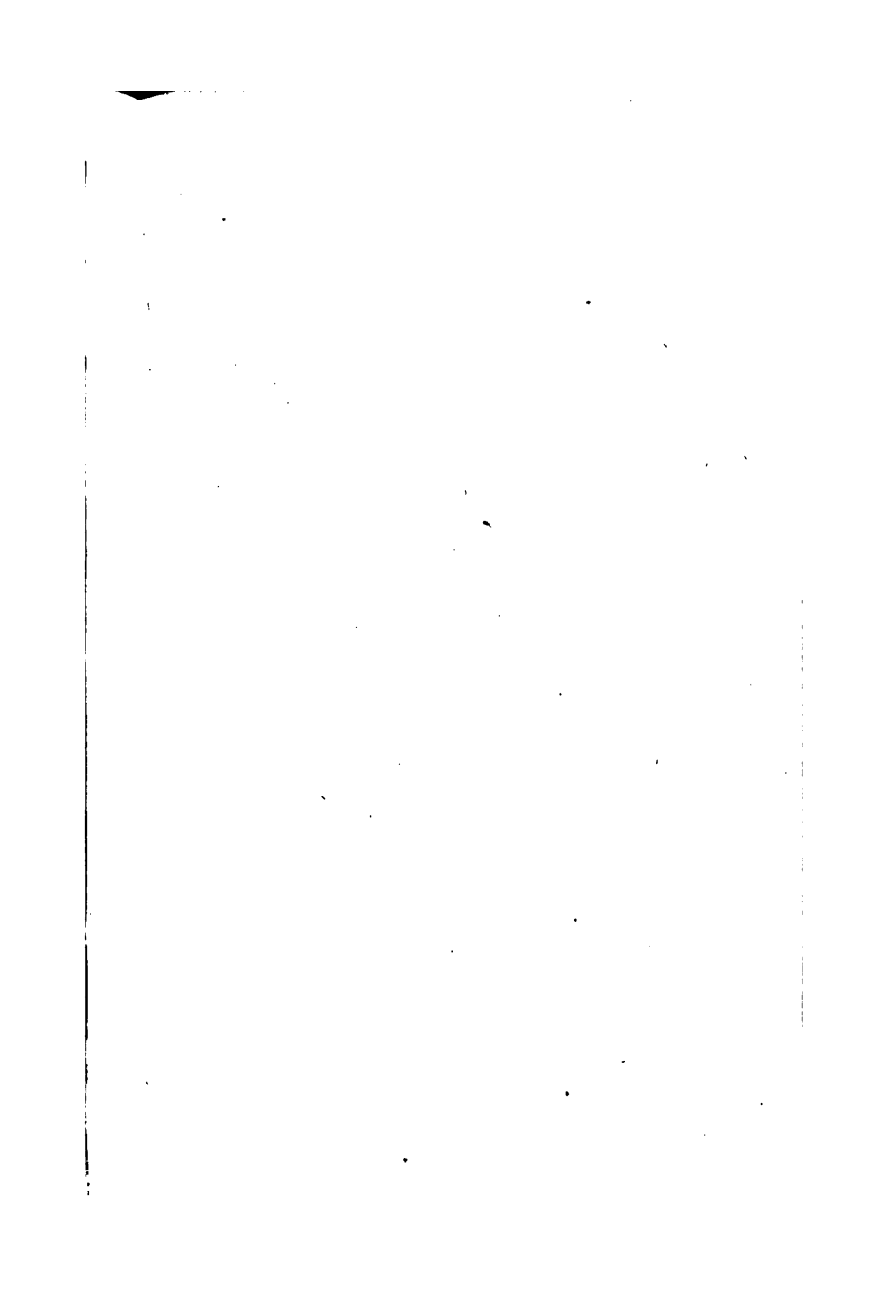
SHORT FAMILY PRAYERS,

WITH SOME ADAPTED TO PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

[108]









J. H. Vinger

JACKSON, John Oswald
Jesus only!

623.2
J13je
1860

